Des. Alas! shee has no speech.
Iag. I know too much:
I finde it, I; for when I ha list to sleepe,
Mary, before your Ladiship I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
Em. You ha little cause to say so.
Iag. Come on, Come on, you are Pictures out adores:
Bells in your Parlors: Wildcats in your Kitchins:
Saints in your injuries: Diuells being offended:
Players in your housewifery; and housewiues in your beds.
O fie vpon thee slanderer.
Iag. Nay, it is true, or else I am a *Turke*,
You rise to play, and goe to bed to worke.
Em. You shall not write my praise.
Iag. No, let me not.
Desd. What wouldst thou write of me,
If thou shouldst praise me?
Iag. O gentle Lady, doe not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not Criticall.
Desd Come on, assay -- there's one gone to the Harbor?
Iag. I Madam.
Desd. I am not merry, but I doe beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise:
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?
Iag. I am about it, but indeed my inuention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze,
It plucks out braine and all: but my Muse labors,
And thus she is deliuer'd:
If she be faire and wise, faireneſſe and wit;
The one's for vse, the other vsing it.
Desd. Well praisde: how if she be blacke and witty?
Iag, If she be blacke, and therto haue a wit,
Shee'le finde a white, that shall her blackneſſe hit.
Desd. Worse and worse.
Em. How if faire and foolish?
Iag. She neuer yet was foolish, that was faire,

For

For euen her folly helpt her, to a haire.
Des. These are old paradoxes, to make fooles laugh i'the Alch
What miserable praise hast thou for her,
That's foule and foolish?
Iag. There's none so foule, and foolish thereunto,
But does foule prankes, which faire and wise ones doe.
Desd. O heauy ignorance, that praises the worst best: but w
praise couldst thou bestow on a deseruing woman indeed? c
that in the authority of her merrits, did iustly put on the vouc
very malice it selfe?
Iag. She that was ieuer faire, and neuer proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was neuer lowd,
Neuer lackt gold, and yet went neuer gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said, now I may:
She that being angred, her reuenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flye;
She that in wisedome, neuer was so fraile,
To change the Codshead for the Salmons taile.
She that could thinke, and ne're disclose her minde,
She was a wight, if euer such wight were.
Des. To doe what?
Iag. To suckle fooles, and chronicle small Beere.
Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion:
Doe not learne of him *Emillia*, tho he be thy husband;
How say you *Cassio*, is he not a most prophane and liberall
Counsellour?
Cas. He speakes home Madam; you may relliſh him
More in the Souldier then in the Scholler.
Iag. He takes her by the palme; I well sed, whisper: as litt
webbe as this will ensnare as great a Flee as *Cassio*. I smile v
her, doe: I will catch you in your owne courtesies: you say tr
tis so indeed. If such trickes as these strip you out of your Leit
nantry, it had beene better you had not rist your three fingers so
which now againe, you are most apt to play the sir in: good, v
kist, an excellent courtesie; tis so indeed: yet againe, your finger
your lips? Would they were Clisterpipes for your sake.---
Moore, I know his Trumpet. *Trumpets wit*

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